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Lexington Intelligencer

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ENDING WAR BUT NOT MAKING PEACE.

President Harding was well advised not to allow a splurge to be made over the signing of the joint resolution of Congress declaring at an end the state of war with Germany. There had been talk of getting up a tremendous hullabaloo over the affair. The President was to offer peace as a splendid Fourth of July present to the nation. There was to be jubilating amid tears of thankfulness. But with great good sense Mr. Harding put his veto on all this nonsense. He doubtless knew that any kind of celebration which could have been worked up would have looked too transparently stagy and artificial. Most Americans would have resented it as an attempt to bamboozle them. As a matter of fact, they are not at all excited about what they clearly preceive to be only a legal recognition of an admitted fact—that is, the cessation of hostilities. Any endeavor to represent this as a thrilling, patriotic achievement they would have regarded as the lowest form of buncombe.

The people understand perfectly that the real work of making peace with Germany is yet to be done. No one is more keenly aware of this than the Washington Administration. It keeps on giving assurance from time to time that it has a peace program. The State Department is understood to be working at it with all the industry and intelligence that the country associates with its head, Secretary Hughes. The details are as yet withheld, but the main general principle is clearly revealed. It is that of hearty co-operation with the Allies. Already it is explained that nothing will be done distastful or embarrassing to them in pursuance of the peace resolution. If they want our troops to stay for a time on the Rhine bridgehead, the American force will not be withdrawn. Secretary Weeks states that he has taken no steps to bring our soldiers home. Not till France and England are content to see them go will they be recalled.

Apart from that minor question, there must come now direct negotiation with Germany for a treaty of commerce and amity made necessary by the ending of war. Above that rises the larger and much more vital matter of an instrument of peace which will determine not only our relations with Germany, but our place and duty in the new world that has come since the armistice. That instrument lies ready to our hand in the shape of the Versailles Treaty. To "engage" under it has been declared by the President to be the wiser course. And though it gives Senator Lodge and the other plotters against the Treaty cold shivers to hear that it may be resubmitted in amended form the best information at Washington is that this is what will be done. Then there would be another state of war. The irreconcilables in the Senate would fly to arms and oratory. But they would soon find their courage oozing out of them in the face of the immense popular disapproval which would be certain to come down heavily upon further perverse opposition to making a peace in the only way by which it could be rendered satisfactory and lasting.—New York Times.

E. S. Young of New York City, a former citizen of Lexington and a partner of the late W. G. McCausland, is spending a few days in Lexington calling on old friends. Mr. Young is now the eastern representative of the Columbian Enameling & Stamping Company of Terre Haute, Ind.

J. A. McDaneld left yesterday evening for Los Angeles, Cal., to attend the national convention of the Elks Lodge. Mr. McDaneld is a delegate from the Lexington lodge.

Miss Marie Hale returned last Thursday from Salt Lake City, where she has been teaching school in Rowland Hall.

James McGrew accompanied by his family left Sunday for a trip through Colorado and the Yellowstone Park.

Miss Mary Cavanaugh of Kansas City, arrived Sunday evening for a few days' visit here with relatives.

George Kerdolff and family of Kansas City spent the Fourth here with his mother, Mrs. W. F. Kerdolff.

Dr. J. Q. Cope accompaned by his family returned Sunday evening from a month's stay in Chicago.

Going home? Bus stops at 11th and Main Sts.

The Pothooks and Hangers

By HAROLD SINCLAIRE

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Jimmy had come early. It was regular lesson night, but the Shark wouldn't appear for perhaps half an hour. Plenty of time for Jimmy in which to learn his fate and—well, he hadn't decided just what he would do after that; that is, in case she wouldn't marry him.

So he sat in the little parlor of Louise's home and waited. Presently she would come in briskly, her brown eyes demure, her lips smiling. She always made you think of a sturdy little willdower in the woods in springtime. And Jimmy, young lawyer though he was, knew that his heart would skip a beat and his ruddy face take on a still deeper hue as he faced her. He tried to be patient, and as the minutes passed memories came—sweet and bitter—in their turn.

Around that library table in the center of the room he had sat three nights a week with Louise and—yes—Terry Gerard, the Shark—who was the particular fly in Jimmy's ointment. Why did he need a commercial education, anyway—his business didn't require it. Jimmy's did; at least, so he had represented to Louise when he had begged her to teach him the art of shorthand.

So around this table the three had sat—Louise and her two mismated pupils, for they hated each other as much as they loved their teacher. Both had invented their need of a knowledge of shorthand in order to be near the object of their affections. The only difference in their methods was that while Jimmy didn't try to learn, concealing his indifference to the best of his ability, Terry made the most of his lessons and consequently was able to read whole pages of curlicues without a break.

"Red headed shark," growled Jimmy, gritting his teeth. He smoothed his own glossy dark hair and scowled. That shark was to be reckoned with, he was bright and, yes, good looking, and Louise seemed to like him. Of late he had imagined that she preferred him. Only yesterday he had come upon them talking confidentially in low tones when no one was near. Well, the suspense would soon be over. He heard her coming down the stairs, and his heart skipped that beat according to prophecy, as Louise entered in anticipated fashion.

While he was holding her hand, which had been extended in welcome, he looked at it idiotically, as if he had never seen it before.

"Why, Jimmy," said Louise, looking at him in surprise:

Jimmy gulped.

"You promised to write my answer today."

"And so I have."

"Didn't get it," gasped Jimmy. "Mail service punk. Was it yes or no?"

"Silly," she answered, diving into her pocket. "I didn't say I'd mail it to you. Weren't you to come this evening to take your lesson? Well!"

She handed him a notebook, open, pointing to a neat array of pothooks and hangers that adorned the page.

"That is my answer," she told him sweetly.

He looked at it helplessly. "Jehoshaphat!" he exclaimed. For the first time he envied that shark. He could have read those marks. Poor Jimmy couldn't, and he didn't know whether to sink with despair or take his teacher in his arms!

It was at "recess" the night before that it happened. The Shark had left early, Louise had told him goodnight in what seemed to Jimmy a most unnecessarily interested fashion, and Jimmy had forthwith laid his heart and fortune at his teacher's feet. In a sweetly businesslike manner she had promised to write him her answer.

And there it was in his hand and he couldn't read it!

"That is your answer," repeated Louise.

"Yes," Jimmy floundered miserably. She was looking out of the window now. Jimmy set his teeth and began to study those awful marks with a vengeance.

A gasp escaped him. There was a familiar chicken track in that first line. It was the one phrase he had learned very early in the course, thinking some time to use it craftily. "I love you!" He recognized that when he saw it. It was there! He looked closer. Yes, it was there, but what was that silly little mark preceding the word love? It didn't belong! He tried with his finger to remove it—it might be an eyelash fallen there. But it stayed, and Jimmy's brow grew moist with the dawning of an awful thought. Suppose that little fool curved line should be the negative to that sweet phrase! Did she or didn't she? That was the question. It was time to use some of that craftiness.

Pushing back his damp hair and calling to his aid a sickly smile, he pointed to the disturbing curlicue.

"Teacher," he said in a wheedling tone which he sometimes used teasingly, "teacher, you made this character a little lame. I can't quite make it out." He held his breath.

"That," answered Louise, turning to him patiently and spelling the word phonetically, "is 'd-o-u-'t'—half length, you know, to add 't'."

Jimmy stiffened and the notebook fell to the floor. When Louise left it there and turned away again he exploded. Black despair reigned, but rage gained mastery of his tongue.

"I hope you're satisfied," he said thickly. "You've made all kinds of a fool of me—deliberately, too."

Louise raised her finger warningly and listened. "I think Terry's coming," she said. "He's early."

Jimmy swallowed and looked for his hat. He was certain now—the Shark had won. Louise's smile showed that. It was radiant and her face was shining with a glory that only love can bring.

"Can't stay for lesson," he mumbled, cramming the letter into his pocket and making for the door.

"It was a false alarm," said Louise after a moment of looking toward the door.

"That shark——" began Jimmy angrily.

"Isn't he a wonder?" asked Louise, her sparkling eyes upon him. "He can read shorthand like print." Her face was glowing still and Jimmy could stand it no longer.

"Goodnight," he said thickly.

"But," said Louise, innocently. "Have you read all the letter, Jimmy? There are some good phrases there and you should study——"

"I know one of them," thundered Jimmy, "and that's enough. 'I don't love you'—in the first line—that's enough. I can read that."

The doorbell rang jarringly.

Jimmy gave a farewell backward look, saw her brandishing another paper before his eyes, felt her hand upon his arm. But he jerked away angrily from those fingers he had so loved to touch, accidentally, of course, at their tasks.

"I'll read no more fool marks," he said.

"But this is a typed transcript of the fool marks, Jimmy," she explained. "I knew you were a fraud and prepared this for you," and suddenly her arm went about his stubborn neck, tightened, and brought his eyes down within range of the typewritten words:

"I don't love you half as much as I'm going to——"

"Jehoshaphat!" Jimmy waited to read no more, but blinking at the heavenly light that enveloped him, he kissed his teacher, and together they went to the door to let in the Shark.

GATHER FOR GREAT FESTIVAL

"Devil Dance" Is Important Occasion in Mongolia—Driving Out the Spirits of Evil.

The devil dance is one of the greatest festivals of the Lama church in Mongolia. It takes place each spring, and represents the chasing out of the spirits of evil. The dance is simply a series of posturings of men and boys in rich costumes, wearing fearsome animal masks, accompanied by an impressive chant.

The midsummer festival is also an interesting affair. It is a survival of the primitive nature cult, and attracts crowds of pilgrims. Caravans begin to arrive days in advance. The Living Buddha appears in his fringed orange felt helmet, the abbots in their fat lacquer hats, the lesser lamas in silk or brocade skull caps, and the lay officials in old Manchu hats, topped with colored buttons to denote their rank. The whole company rides out to the monastery gate before dawn to the obo or sacred mount. These are elevations crowned with piles of stones and decorated with prayer banners. They represent the ancient totems to the nature spirits.

The ceremony must be completed by sunrise, when all return to the monastery for a big feast. The ceremony at the obo is a riot of color. A weird service is held in which huge bronze trumpets, six feet long, flutes made from sea shells and libation cups from human skulls, are used.

A Better World.

Whenever we get the notion in our head that the world is no better and life no easier to live than it ever was all we have to do to cheer up again is to reflect back to the old days when house cleaning meant that we used to have to get down on our hands and knees and work the skin off both of them trying to stretch an old carpet back into the space it occupied before mother insisted on it being ripped up. Anyone who has ever laid a carpet in the old way will tell these smart young folks of today who complain about the chores they have to do that they know nothing whatever of the agonies of house cleaning. Incidentally the folks who beat the dust out of the rugs with a stick aren't so numerous as they used to be.—Detroit Free Press.

Not a Word.

There was nobody who could play the violin like Binks, at least, so he was delighted when asked to play at the local concert.

"The instrument I shall use at your concert," he explained to the host, "is over 200 years old."

"Oh, that's all right, old chap. Don't worry about that," replied the host. "I shan't tell and no one will ever know the difference."

To Be Pitied, Indeed.

"I pity poor Alice with such a commonplace husband."

"It must be awful. She says even the things he says in his sleep are dull and uninteresting."—Boston Transcript.

Says Jud Tunkins.

"Many a man," said Jud Tunkins, "inquires about the baseball score not because he's particularly interested, but because he wants to get his mind off the League of Nations."